

A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
Antient and Famous
CITY
OF
BRISTOL.
A
POEM.

By W. GOLDWIN, A.M.

Revised, with large Additions, by I. SMART, A.M.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Lewis; and Sold by J. Robinson, at the Golden
Lyon in Ludgate-street; J. Rowland, in Exeter 'Change in the
Strand; by J. Leake, Bookseller at Bath, and by J. Crofts,
Bookseller at BRISTOL. MDCC LI.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
Ancient and Modern
CITY
OF
BRISTOL
POLY

By W. GOLDWIN, Esq.
Author of "The History of the City of Bristol"
Third Edition



Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1783.
By J. Baskin, Bristol, 1783.
Bristol: Printed by J. Baskin, 1783.

T H I S
DESCRIPTION of *BRISTOL*,

Is, with all due Respect,

Most humbly DEDICATED to

The Right Worshipful the MAYOR,
the ALDERMEN, the COMMON
COUNCIL, and other Inhabitants
of the said CITY,

By

Their most obedient and

faithful humble Servant,

Isaac Smart.

THIS

DESCRIPTION OF BAYVIEW

IN THE CITY OF BAYVIEW

MOORE HILL, BAYVIEW

The Right Worshipful the Mayor,
the Aldermen, the Common
Council, and other inhabitants
of the said City.

By

their most obedient and

faithful servants,

THOMAS SMITH



A
DESCRIPTION
OF
B R I S T O L.



THOUGH Muses court the shady
Groves and Greens,
And finest Fancies rise in *Sylvan*
Scenes,
Where purling Streams in gentle
Smoothness go,
And teach Poetick Numbers how to flow;
Yet, great Directress of the *tunesul Nine*,
Suspend your Joys, your rural Seats resign;
A nobler Theme in grander Thoughts pursue,
This antient City is a glorious View,
Antient in Privilege, in Politeness new;
Where

Where Nature's Hand and Arts Improvement join,
 To make the Place in useful Greatness shine;
 Whose Oozy Banks with two great Streams inlaid,
 And Naval Strength alternately convey'd,
 Command the Staple of the *Western* Trade.
 Ingenious Arts, and genteel Manners meet,
 Great *London* seems to rise in ev'ry Street:
 Gay Modes of Life, and courtly Fashions spread,
 And even Learning shoots a blooming Head.
 The three Professions of the polish'd Strain,
 Dispensing Gospel, Health, and Justice, reign
 In high Applause, and worthy Honours gain.
 Whilst the kind Nurs'rys of instructive Schools,
 Sway'd by *Directors* and establish'd Rules,
 Still new Supplies of future Greatness frame,
 The City's second Hopes, and growing Fame.
 Methinks I see, in Nature's early Plan,
 A hopeful Youth bespeak a worthy Man;
 When Virtue's Pencil, riper Sense, and Arts,
 Adorn the Picture, and compleat the Parts.
 So Optick Glasses in a Seed descry
 A perfect Plant in small Proportion lye;

Till

'Till Mother Earth, and rip'ning Sun agree,
To form the infant Product to a Tree.

What Scenes of Wealth! What Heaps of Wonder
rise!

What new and antient Fabricks crowd the Skies!
Here Monuments of *Living Founders* praise,
There sacred Piles a serious Pleasure raise;
While num'rous private Buildings seem to vye
With publick Domes, the rival Objects try
Like wanton Girls to meet the coming Eye.
Each lofty Mansion is an ample Theme,
Stor'd with Ideas for a Poet's Scheme;
And tho' divided Views the Fancy break,
And incoherent Starts in Method make;
The whole Collection shall my Numbers grace,
And grateful Lines a fair Description trace.

Then first ascend a gently-rising *Hill* (a)
Whose rocky Cliffs in trickling Streams distil;
Here wealthy Citts, discharg'd from worldly Cares,
Do taste the Sweets of Penitence and Pray'rs;

(a) St. Michael's.

Concludes the downward Race of falling Years,
 In constant Worship, and religious Tears ;
 Wisely exchanging mercenary Gain,
 To deal in *Pearls of Price*, and Heav'n obtain.

Here sickly Souls, with broken Health repair
 To taste the wholesome Draughts of healing Air ;
 Till Life serenely fann'd with balmy Winds,
 In Nature's Breath a kind Physician finds.

Around the Brow a Train of Buildings run,
 Reliev'd with airy Gales and lively Sun,
 Whose rip'ning Heat at Morn and Noon displays
 The double Tribute of indulgent Rays :
 That kindly warms the soft refreshing Air,
 To bless the beauteous Nymphs residing there.

But lo ! a curious *Lodge* of graceful Form
 Reddens in Blushes like the rising Morn ;
 A seeming Palace, yet a Country Seat,
 Fine without Pomp, without Profuseness great.
 The charming Place adjoining Gardens mend,
 Whose sloping Falls in easy Steps descend ;

Here

Here blossoms Trees, and *Flora's* painted Head,
 The fragrant Scents of blooming Nature spread ;
 Whilst verdant Turf, in mossy Pieces lain,
 Fine Walks extend, and form a beauteous Plain ;
 Whose Sides adorn'd with Rows of standard Greens,
 Preserve eternal Spring in lasting Scenes.

Hail happy Seats, contriv'd with artful Skill,
 You rule the Valley, and obey the Hill ;
 Above the vapid Steams of foggy Grounds,
 Beneath the stormy Blasts of higher Mounds ;
 Where *Royal-Fort*, like *Ilium's* Tower, stands,
 O'erlooks the Town, and downward Views commands.
 Here antient Wars (*a*) a strong Encampment drew,
 Some hostile Marks the furrow'd Trenches shew ;
 Now softer Arts the warlike Model grace,
 And *Venus* seems t' usurp her Partner's Place :
 Retired Seats, with Garden-beauties crown'd,
 Alcoves and fruitful Walks adorn the Ground.

(*a*) Particularly the Civil War in K. *Charles I's* Time.

This Summit gain'd, a Range of Objects rise,
 And Nature's Landskip fills the wand'ring Eyes ;
 Lo ! Hills (*a*) aspiring mount with lofty Heads,
 And humble Meadows sink in grassy Beds :
 O're Heights and Falls the Eye and Thought extend,
 Go down with Valleys and with Hills ascend :
 The quick Exchange of such unequal Views,
 Fresh Scenes with great Variety renews.

If wilder Draughts, and ruder Prospects please,
 Behold ! a cluster'd Wood of bushy Trees,
 Whose hamper'd Boughs, an artless Stragling show,
 And like the savage Natives, shaggy grow.
 A *Royal Title* (*b*) crowns this rugged Place,
 But oh ! how unlike Kings the present Race !
 A tatter'd Brood of rough laborious Souls,
 Who're earth'd like Worms, in subterraneous Holes.
 Beneath the Blessing of the wholesome Air,
 Thro' darksome Caves a Miner's Labour bear,
 And Magazines of Coals from th'Earth's Bowels
 tear.

(*a*) Particularly *Dunderry-Hill*, and a Tower thereon, which serves as a Land-Mark to Mariners many Leagues down the Channel.

(*b*) *King's-Wood*.

If horrid Sights the tender Eye offend,
 The adverse Plains the growing Prospect mend.
 As when *Aeneas* left the dark Abode,
Elisium's Fields a double Brightness show'd.
 Behold the *Farm*, where fair *Aurelia* pines
 In mourning Weeds, yet thro' the Window shines.
 So fine-drawn Clouds the shaded Moon conceal,
 Yet Darts of Lustre pierce the cloudy Veil.
 A thousand Charms the pleasant *Villa* grace;
 But more the lovely Princess of the Place:
 Here Fancy feeds, here wearied Eyes relieve,
 The Place is *Eden* and the Owner *Eve*.

Now leave the distant Views of distant Fields,
 A nearer Circle City-Prospect yields.
 Here Pyramids of sacred Temples grow,
 And spiral Tops to Heav'nly Ruler show;
 Whose virtual Presence fills the Domes below. }
 A comely Form the stately Buildings grace;
 An inward Worship suits the outward Face:
 A Worship fairly drawn from two Extremes;
 The high *Papistick*, or *Genevan* Schemes;

Refin'd from both, in decent Order clean,
 The *English* Method keeps the *Golden-Mean* :
 So temp'rate Climes a due Proportion hold
 Between the sultry Heat, and freezing Cold.

Each lofty Pile an artful Emblem wears,
 Whose Vane's obsequious to the shifting Airs,
 In whiffling Turns, like crafty Statesman's Mind,
 High Stations hold, yet change with every Wind.

Within the Shell, diviner Forms appear ;
 'Tis all Religion, all Devotion there.
 A solemn Neatness shines on ev'ry Side,
 A Neatness un-adorn'd with *Romish* Pride.
 Here grave Divines, by high Commission sent
 To prove the Great *Creator's* Testament,
 Sound Gospel-Truths in serious Language preach,
 And Christian Lessons, best of Learning, teach.
Favonio's Tongue a crouded Audience gains,
 While *Pantheus* raises Zeal with sacred Strains ;
Scribonio's Soundness knotty Texts divides,
 Whilst *D——w——th's* Sense in moving Sweetness
 glides ;

So forcible and clear the Rhetorick flows,
Like polish'd Steel, it Strength and Brightness shows.

Hail sacred Tribes, proceed with prudent Zeal,
With *Gilead's* Balm the fatal Breaches heal;
The harmless Dove, and cunning Serpent join,
And Christian Hearts in friendly Joys combine.
As shining Lights by Doctrine, Life and Love,
Dark Clouds of Vice and Ignorance remove;
As faithful Subjects to the *Prince of Peace*,
From odious Terms of *new Distinctions* cease;
The State of Conscience, not of Empire search,
But shine a prudent Priest of our own Church.
Yet hold — 'tis magisterial bold Pretence,
To dictate Precepts to superior Sense.

My roving Eye, by filial Duty led,
Descrives an ancient Pile, whose lofty Head
With Marks of old Magnificence, appears
Like comely Matrons in declining Years.

A worthy *Prelate* of diviner Grace,
Presides as *Guardian Angel* of the Place:

In Reputation, Sense, and Manners, clear,
 To nothing, but enormous Vice, severe.
 By standard-Rules of Truth and Honour led,
 He shines the Clergy's Pattern, Friend, and Head;
 Whose well pois'd Cares in equal Ballance go
 To serve the Throne above, and that below.

Above the Confines of this Prelate's Seat,
 An old Cathedral venerably great,
 From rising Ground a bulky Building rears,
 And Prints of Time in rugged Aspect bears.
 Injurious Time! thy keenest Rage employ,
 And gnaw with Envy what you can't destroy;
 Whilst inward Worship shews a cleanly Face,
 And true Devotion adds a second Grace,
Omnipotent Eternity protects the Place.

Here double Organ, set with tuneful Keys,
 Thro' speaking Tubes melodious Anthems plays;
 Whilst Choiral Voices from harmonious Throats,
 True Confort make with corresponding Notes.
 If airy Trebles elevate the Soul,
 The mellow *Base* the rising Joys controul.

In middle Vein the soothing *Tenor* runs,
 And two Extremes, like Moderator, shuns.
 Mean while the vaulted Canopy rebounds
 The vocal Airs and instrumental Sounds ;
 A faint Resemblance of the Saints above,
 Whose Hallelujah's echo Peace and Love,

When publick Blessings publick Joys create,
 Here *Magistracy* walks in ample State :
 The solemn Train in pompous Order led,
 By worthy *Council*, and by worthier Head,
 To *God* and *King* religious Honours pay,
 While Crouds of thronging People fill the Way.
 Whole Bands of Artists antient Fin'ry show,
 And streaming Flags in pageant Honours flow.
 So *Senators* in proper Robes array'd,
 Triumphal Joys at *Jove's* high Temple paid,
 When *Cæsar's* Troops victorious Arms display'd.

As next in Order, so in Goodness stands
 The double Gift (a) of great *Eusebin's* Hands.

(a) Mr. Colston's two Hospitals.

Each Fabrick shines, the pious Founder more,
 Whose unexhausted Funds of growing Store
 Forward Devotion, and relieve the Poor.

Here Youth imbibe Religion's early Seeds,
 Before the Ground-Work takes in vicious Weeds;
 Here pious Age, with Life's declining Rays,
 Secure a safe Retreat for latter Days.
 So careful Gard'ners with unwearied Pain
 Young Nurs'ries plant, and bending Trees sustain:
 And whilst to both they equal Care extend,
 The Fruits of both the nurt'ring Hand commend;
 The rich Effects admit this good Dispute,
 Which happiest grows, the *Planter* or his *Fruit*.

If real modest Goodness wanted Praise,
 The Man and Works might farther Fancies raise;
 How Riches faster than our Wishes flow
 From God's dispensing Stewards here below;
 How spreading Bounties, like the mighty Deep,
 Distribute Streams, yet still a Fulness keep;
 How such Foundations laid in zealous Love,
 Builds up a more enduring House above;

But

But fulsome Praise bedaubs a spotless Name,
 A Bank of Merit is a Bank of Fame.
 Let hundred Mouths the glorious Truth declare,
 Whose Souls and Bodies taste the Donor's Care.

Beneath the Hill, where this Foundation grows,
Frome's muddy Stream in troubled Water flows;
 Where intervening Inlets of the Tide,
 A lengthen'd Key, and rising Bank divide.

Here active Scenes of naval Labour reign,
 And wooden Cradles infant Ships sustain.
 Imperfect some by gradual Working grow,
 Some finish'd Hulls in large Proportion show;
 O'er slippery Frames some Maiden Vessels ply,
 In launching sweeps, and *Neptune's* Favour try;
 Pledges entrusted to the boundless Deep,
 (Ye Winds and Waves the Darling's Pledges keep)
 Wide Ocean's Bosom is a Gulph of Woe,
 Where frightful Scenes in ghastly Figures grow:
 Yet how the *floating Islands* fearless go!
 Till Age, Misfortune, *Gallick* Fraud or Force,
 Dissolve the Frame, or interrupt the Course.

So human Bodies sev'ral Stages have,
 From the Babe's Cradle, to the old Man's Grave.
 Here useful Docks to nice Perfection brought,
 With wooden Ribs, and costly Engines wrought.
 An inland Port in hollow'd Bosoms keep,
 Where new and shatter'd Gallies safely sleep,
 Till Time or Tide remand them to the Deep.

Here Sons of *Vulcan*, smear'd with pallid Sweat,
 Alternate Blows in tuneful Smitings beat ;
 Redoubled Sounds the clatt'ring Bars repeat.

A busier Stage employs the noisy Key,
 Great Bales of Wealth the World's Increase display ;
 What different Climes, or distant Lands produce,
Virginia's Weed, or *Spain's* enriching Juice ;
 (Two constant Friends for chearful Use design'd,)
 Here Side by Side in social Order join'd ;
 Each Tribute lays at Sovereign GEORGE's Feet,
 Then mix in Mirth, and Tipplers Joys compleat :
 For moist'ning Draughts and parching smoaky Leaf,
 Provide and give a mutual kind Relief.

Here

Here Ships, escap'd from Ocean's dreadful Flood,
 Find soft Repose in oozy Beds of Mud ;
 But when th' alternate Motions of the Tide,
 In upward Surge, or downward Ebbings glide,
 In pompous Bulk the lofty Vessels ride. }
 Here lay the *Rangers of the Southern Seas*, (a)
 That bore a *Jason*, and return'd a Fleece,
 A Fleece, adorn'd like Sacrifice of old,
 With ornamental Silks, and costly Gold.

Here *Norway* Mafts to native Tempests bred,
 Withstand the Wind, and rear a taper Head ;
 While *Zephyrs* fill the broad and spreading Sails,
 And whiffling Streamers play in wanton Gales ;
 In twisted Ropes the upper Tackling runs,
 In lower forms a level Range of Guns ;
 Stand faithful Guardians to the hidden Store,
 When daring Foes provoke the dreadful Roar.
 The whole Machine contriv'd with nicest Art,
 Displays a noble Form in every Part.
 So Links of Fibres join'd in human Plan,
 Support the whole Compound of Lordly Man.

(a) Duke and Dutchess Privateers.

Here

Here foreign Traders Goods and Wares embark ;
 A trusty Captain guides the modern Ark ;
 Which like the Pattern of the floating Frame,
 Contains a Race of Creatures much the same ;
 In Manners plain, in Looks and Language, coarse,
 And like the Speaking Trumpet, always hoarse ;
 A merry Crew of honest thoughtless Souls,
 Who bury worldly Cares in chearful Bowls ;
 For *Mars* or *Venus* equally design'd,
 At different Ports to different Nymphs inclin'd,
 The Rovers change their Fancies with the Wind. }
 Yet useful Limbs of State : The hardy Train
 Support the Fleet, and get the Merchants Gain.

A neighb'ring Fabrick (a) of peculiar Frame,
 That bears the *Proto-Martyr's* Sacred Name,
 Whose Top, like *Cybel's* Crown, in Turrets grows,
 And Strokes of Art at every Turret shows ;
 For holy Service built, with high Disdain
 Surveys this lower Stage of earthly Gain.

Could Criticks Wit or Writers Rules excuse
 The forward Sallies of my willing Muse ;

(a) *St. Stephen's Tower.*

I'd

I'd traverse gladly the *Parochial* Round,
 And point in brightest Lines the wealthy Ground ;
 I'd sing the trading Merchants spacious Seat,
 The grand Parade of *Sheriffs* annual Treat.
 Where Nature, Art, and Delicacy join
 To make a sumptuous Feast in Dainties shine :
 The fatted Capon, and the luscious Fish
 Regales the curious Goût with lovely Dish ;
 Bright sparkling Wine with frothy Purple crown'd,
 Performs the Royal Healths in circling round ;
 I'd praise the snug Retreat, where Bounties keep
 Th' impoverish'd Relicks of the angry Deep,
 'Till hoary Heads, releas'd from Winds and Waves,
 Go down with Pleasure to the earthly Graves.
 In such Encomiums should my Muses talk,
 But cast an angry Look on *Roper's Walk* ;
 Where Things, like Crabs, in awkward Motions go,
 And retrogade the twirling Cordage throw ;
 A needful Branch of Trade : but seated there
 Hampers the Purlieus of the Noble *Square*.
 I'd bid a dirty Street, (where jovial Tars
 Revel in Rudeness and domestick Jars,
 Where hasty Love and compound Liquors flow,)
 Cleaner in Morals and Behaviour grow.

Eut,

But, Muse, from Satyr's poison'd Darts forbear ;
 The soothing Panegyrick Stile prepare.
 I humble Subjects leave, by higher led
 To view the City's Trade at *Fountain-Head*, (a)
 Where working Brains from divers Quarters meet,
 And wealthy Commerce drive with eager Heat :
 As burning Glasses scatter'd Rays unite
 In central Point, then raise a kindling Light.
 Thro' distant Worlds in longest Compass run,
 From Pole to Pole, from *East* to *Western* Sun ;
 The whole Extent, where trading Action reigns,
 This busy Spot, as in a Map, contains.

Some unconcern'd in idle Motions stalk,
 Mere Expletives, to fill the crowded Walk,
 Whilst buzzing Tongues in Traffick-language talk :
 Some drop a secret Hint of *Privateer*,
 And whisper *Algerines* in Partners Ear ;
 (An hateful Monster dreaded more by far
 Than savage *Mobock*, or a blazing Star.)
 No sailing Gally cuts the watry Main,
 But here sails swiftly in the Owner's Brain.

(a) *Exchange.*

Whose

Whose Hopes and Fears, like Blushes, come and go,
At ev'ry Tide the Passions ebb and flow.

Hope wings the Sails, and coming Ships forestalls; }
Fear clips the Thought, and rising Pleasure palls; }
Thus Traders Hearts like Bank-Stocks mounts and }
falls. }

Here low'ring Pouts, or chearful Aspects reign,
As Fortune frowns in Loss, or smiles in Gain :
So Weather-Glasses either sink or rise,
As fair or cloudy Weather rules the Skies.

The open Stage *Corinthian* Standards grace ;
But a much richer Metal sways this Place.
From Trade to Gain by natural Instinct tends,
As *Magick Rod* to hidden Treasure bends.

Now view a neighb'ring House, where Men may
The World's Transactions in *Epitome* :

Here wise Remarkers on the Church and State,
O'er Bowls of Punch and smoaky Whiffs debate,
Dispose of States and Kingdoms, not their Own,
And set either G***** or C***** on *England's* Throne.
Here *Grubstreet* Authors in Confusion lie,
And kindling Stuff for Party Heats supply.

D -

Pernicious

Pernicious Scribblers ! how your Works enflame
Bri'tannia's happy Church and civil Frame !
 Like fam'd *Spectator's* Style, in Smoothness run,
 Mix Wit with Sense, and factious Contests shun.

But lo ! a humble Cell in Nook behind,
 A *Sister-Office* (a) of the Paper kind,
 Where Men, like *Lapland* Traders for a Wind,
 Bargain for Safety, and provide a Cure
 For Fortune's Blow, and floating Chance ensure.
 Ingenious Play to save an after-Game,
 And baffle all the Tricks of *fickle Dame*.
 These two Retreats, Trade's useful Hand-Maids prove,
 As under-springs the greater Engines move.
 Two nobler Structures of more ample Size,
 On either Side the noble 'Change does rise ;
 The *Seat of Justice* (b) in majestick State,
 A weighty Pile in plainest Beauty great ;
 Without such curious Flourishes of Art,
 As *London 'Change* or *Mansion-House* impart ;
 For Use and Ages built, the lasting Court
 In solid Greatness keeps an awful Port.
 So Epick Poems built on true *Sublime*
 Disdaining little Turns in Grandeur climb.

(a) The *Affurance Office*. (b) *Council-House*.

Here

Here Magistrates in civil Order meet,
 And weekly Cares in legal Forms repeat,
 Dispensing Justice from the Bench of Law
 To save the Injur'd, but the Vicious awe.

The adverse Frame unpolish'd Greatness show
 A noble Church which does majestick grow ;
 Since nimble Frauds have ceas'd, the Dome's compleat,
 And shines in Beauty, and in Rival great.

Oh happy Stage between ! whose grand Resort
 Lies 'twixt a Temple and a Judgment Court ;
 No wonder Merchants Dealings are so true,
 Since Justice and Devotion are in View.
 The gilded Kings enthron'd in Chairs of State,
 An awful Love for Monarchy create ;
 The scepter'd Sign, whose glitt'ring Figure stands
 In lively Form, with seeming Awe commands :
 Four subject Streets, that hence divided run
 From *North* to *South*, from *East* to setting Sun.

Here *Cornu-copia*, from her rural Stores,
 In various Shapes luxuriant Plenty pours ;
 Bright *Cereal* Grain, or sweet *Pomona's* Fruit,
 Or Herbage cloath'd in Nature's lovely Suit :

Or tender Fatlings from the Herd or Flocks,
 The City's Wants with Life's Refreshment stocks ;
 With Thousand Dainties of delicious Meat,
 Which *Catius* (*a*) better knows than Verse repeat ;
 The plenteous Marts such vast Profusion shew,
 As if transplanted Fields in Cities grew.

[scends,

The Southward Range (*b*) in shelving Breadth de-
 A Church with portal Arch the Prospect ends !
 A Judgment-Hall (*c*) commands the middle Space,
 A King in outward Nich adorns the Place.
 Here legal Magistrates in Trains resort,
 And humming Noises fill the busy Court.
 Here learned Students of the knotty Law
 Sharp poignant Tongues for verbal Combat draw ;
 In florid Talk a Mock-Engagement fight,
 Yet love like Brothers, and in Fees unite.
 So Gladiators seeming Wars maintain,
 And mutual Blows exchange for mutual Gain.

The Street above (*d*) in long extended Lines
 More to the *Eastward* than the *North* inclines ;
 Till an old *Fabrick* (*e*) terminates the View,
 Where mournful Debtors weep in piteous Hue.

(*a*) A noted Epicure in *Horace*. (*b*) *Broadstreet*.
 (*c*) *Guild-Hall*. (*d*) *Wine-Street*. (*e*) *Newgate*.

Here

Here rude Invaders of the sacred Law,
 To Sin and Fetters chain'd, in Dungeons draw
 Unwholsome Air, or favour'd to their Shame
 Thro' a close Lattice Poverty proclaim.
 A gloomy Haunt of Beggary and Lice,
 A medley Scene of Penitence and Vice:
 Some Reprobates in hellish Language swear,
 And Loads of Sin on harden'd Conscience bear:
 Relenting some in doleful Accents groan,
 And Follies past in heavy Notes bemoan:
 Horror, Distraction, and amazing Woe
 Precede the Tryal, and as *Lictors*, go:
 With hovering Wings the Dread of future Fates
 Broods on the Conscience, and an Hell creates;
 Condemning-Thoughts in legal Judges Room
 Foreboding Death, anticipate the Doom;
 Till trembling Wretches, shock'd with guilty Fear,
 From awful Bench a real Sentence hear:
 Then follow Darknefs and corrosive Chains,
 The Scripture Emblems of eternal Pains.
 But Gracious God, the fearful Lot relieve,
 And Thieves once more in *Paradise* receive.

The *Northern Branch* (*a*) in sloping Shoots declines,
 Bedeck'd with gaudy Shops on both its Lines ;
 For whether Piles of Plate refin'd with Art
 Refulgent Rays thro' glassy Barriers dart,
 Or Flower'd *Damask*, or the Silk *Brocade*,
 With Golden Sprigs and Silver Fibres laid,
 Ravish the Fancy of a Bridal Maid ;
 Or whether *Padu'foys* of Foreign Make,
 With glossy Jet the graver Matrons take,
 Here the whole Wardrobe of the Female Dress,
 In wealthy Folds a standing Camp possess.
 Below this gorgeous Supplement of Pride,
 An high-arch'd Bridge commands *Avona's* Tide,
 Whose ruffled Current runs in frothy Waves,
 And with Partition Streams two *Counties* (*b*) laves.
 On the *Rialto* hanging Buildings cling,
 As *Babylonian* Gardens seem'd to swing.

Beyond the Bridge a second City grows,
 And thousand Scenes of Wealth and Beauty shows.
 There lies the spacious Street, (*c*) where *London* Wares
 Display the taudry Pageantry of Fairs ;
 Observe the flippant Sparks in Smartness nurs'd,
 With *Fleet-street* Style and *Ludgate* Language vers'd,

(*a*) *High-Street*. (*b*) *Glocestershire* and *Somersetshire*.
 (*c*) *Temple-Street*.

O'er

O'er glossy Silks in glossy Words explain,
 And like the *Tongue-pad Lawyers*, talk for Gain.
 As here the showy Toys the Eye delight,
 Next Nature's Pride presents a finer Sight.
 Lo! *Sylvia's* happy Spot in verdant Drefs
 Trees model'd Forms, and flow'ry Sweets exprefs.
 Methinks I smell the *Jessamine* and *Rose*
 A fragrant Scent in rich Perfume disclose;
 The *Orange* Tree indulg'd with warmest Rays,
 High flavour'd Scents, and Golden Fruit displays:
 The sweet Collections rang'd in finest Mould,
 In various Figures cut, Proportion hold:
 For pruning Art redundant Plenty crops,
 And shapes the spiral Yews in *Conick* Tops,
 Whilst Silver *Hollies* wider Compass spread,
 And guard with native Spears a rounder Head.
 Delicious Storehouse to amuse the Eye!
 Much Furniture in one Plantation lye;
 So wise Historians tell, that antient *Rome*
 Preserv'd a Race of Heroes all in Bloom;
 From few, the State in Strength and Numbers grew
 To conquer Kingdoms, and their Foes subdue;
 Whose thriving Vertues spread the Planters Fame,
 And conquer'd Worlds adorn'd with *Roman* Name:

So spreading Branches flourish from one Tree,
A thousand other Gardens spring from thee.

A neighb'ring Temple (*a*) of Cathedral Size,
Whose Tops in bulky Majesty does rise,
Deriving Name and Strength from redden'd Cliffs,
In tow'ring Pride a lofty Tower lifts ;
Where Eight harmonious Musick-Engines hang,
That strike soniferous Peals in tuneful Clang ;
Attractive Pulls in quick Vibrations fling
Revolving Bells, and nimble Changes ring :
Resisting Rocks, and trembling Blasts of Air
Repeat the Sounds, and double Echoes bear,
Proclaiming Nuptial Joys, or *Marlborough's* Fame,
When *Marlborough* stood, a great, unsully'd Name.
The Hero fell ; but ye melodious Train,
Prepare your sweetest Notes in loudest Strain,
To sound the Triumphs of the last Campaign. }
The noble DUKE of *Cumberland* led the Van,
And big with Conquest form'd a glorious Plan :
His Martial Soul with Emulation glows
To merit *Britain's* Praise with warlike Blows ;
Advance, great Leader, in the Tract of Fame,
And prove as Great as thy illustrious Name.

(*a*) *St. Mary Ratcliffe Church.*

I'd freely brighten thy distinguish'd Praise,
 And to heroick Merit Trophies raise :
 But true Connection Rules resume the Clue,
 And bid a Writer's Pen his Scheme pursue.

Hark ! when the heavy *Tenor's* sullen Sound
 Calls Mortal Man to earthly Parent Ground ;
 The noisy Cymbal casts a dreadful Roar
 Along the busy Bank of th' adverse Shore. (a)
 Where shriller Sounds from vocal Clappers fly,
 And cackling Dames with feather'd *Cacklers* try.
 For here the *Wallian* Fleets, like *Noah's* Ark,
 With Couplets stuff'd, a Medley-Stock debark ;
 O'er which the chatt'ring Tribe in dapper Drefs,
 Quick broken Tones in gutt'ral Words express.

Politer *Ladies* grace a neighb'ring *Green* (b)
 In Language, Building, Drefs, and Manners, clean :
 Here Fabrick's rang'd a large Quadrangle stretch,
 And model'd Walks a lengthen'd Compass fetch :
 Whose handsome *Lymes* in treble Order run,
 To screen the walking *Beauties* from the Sun.
 And now the Plants their shady Coverts spread ;
 And the green Verdure shoots its leafy Head,

(a) *St. Nicholas-Back.*

(b) *Queen's Square.*

E

Nature's

So spreading Branches flourish from one Tree,
A thousand other Gardens spring from thee.

A neighb'ring Temple (*a*) of Cathedral Size,
Whose Tops in bulky Majesty does rise,
Deriving Name and Strength from redden'd Cliffs,
In tow'ring Pride a lofty Tower lifts ;
Where Eight harmonious Musick-Engines hang,
That strike soniferous Peals in tuneful Clang ;
Attractive Pulls in quick Vibrations fling
Revolving Bells, and nimble Changes ring :
Resisting Rocks, and trembling Blasts of Air
Repeat the Sounds, and double Echoes bear,
Proclaiming Nuptial Joys, or *Marlborough's* Fame,
When *Marlborough* stood, a great, unfully'd Name.
The Hero fell ; but ye melodious Train,
Prepare your sweetest Notes in loudest Strain, }
To sound the Triumphs of the last Campaign. }
The noble DUKE of *Cumberland* led the Van,
And big with Conquest form'd a glorious Plan :
His Martial Soul with Emulation glows
To merit *Britain's* Praise with warlike Blows ;
Advance, great Leader, in the Tract of Fame,
And prove as Great as thy illustrious Name.

(*a*) *St. Mary Ratcliffe Church.*

I'd freely brighten thy distinguish'd Praise,
 And to heroick Merit Trophies raise :
 But true Connection Rules resume the Clue,
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Hark ! when the heavy *Tenor's* fullen Sound
 Calls Mortal Man to earthly Parent Ground ;
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 Along the busy Bank of th' adverse Shore. (a)
 Where shriller Sounds from vocal Clappers fly,
 And cackling Dames with feather'd *Cacklers* try.
 For here the *Wallian* Fleets, like *Noah's* Ark,
 With Couplets stuff'd, a Medley-Stock debark ;
 O'er which the chatt'ring Tribe in dapper Dress,
 Quick broken Tones in gutt'ral Words express.

Politer *Ladies* grace a neighb'ring *Green* (b)
 In Language, Building, Dress, and Manners, clean :
 Here Fabrick's rang'd a large Quadrangle stretch,
 And model'd Walks a lengthen'd Compass fetch :
 Whose handsome *Lymes* in treble Order run,
 To screen the walking *Beauties* from the Sun.
 And now the Plants their shady Coverts spread ;
 And the green Verdure shoots its leafy Head,

(a) *St. Nicholas-Back.*

(b) *Queen's Square.*

E

Nature's

Nature's *Umbrello's* does confus'dly meet,
And Summer Breezes fan the cool Retreat.

Two signal Domes this handsome *Square* does grace,
And with superior Beauty awe the Place.
As optick Orbs in Man's Contexture roll,
Shine in Perfection, and direct the Whole ;
In finest Membranes wrought, each Master-light
Contains a Wonder, and improves the Sight.
Grandeur and Neatness thro' the Building (a) shine,
Where *Fisco* reckons tributary Coin.

Here Empress Gold a wealthy Office keeps,
Within whose Ward the treasur'd Tribute sleeps,
A Tribute paid to GEORGE's Imperial Sway,
Collecting all its Riches from the Sea.
So golden Sands, which foaming Billows throw
In gather'd Heaps, a glittering Beauty show.

Hence greatest Treasures careful *Probo* drains
To fill the Fountain-Head where *Harley* reigns :
Not surer venal Pipes of Human Blood
Remit to Seats of Life the purple Flood ;
Not *Severn's* Streams more faithful Homage pays
To the vast Treasures of the sov'reign Seas.

(a) *Custom-House.*

Here

Here Crowds of active Souls with Eagles Eyes,
 Trade's rich Returns with sharp Attention spies ;
 And Curlew-like, o'er Creeks and Shoars survey,
 And watch the Motions of a floating Prey.
 An useful Set, well arm'd with Justice Claws
 Do guard the Fences of the Royal Laws.

The *Corner Building* of the Northern Line
 With guarded Front and clean Apartments fine,
 Itself a Town, in neat Compendium plac'd
 With sashy Lights, and fluted Pillars grac'd ;
 The grand *Prætorian* Dignity support,
 It looks not like a House, but as a Court.

What can't Inventress Art and Labour do ?
 This handsome Square from Heaps of Rubbish grew ;
 And tho' past Years the marshy Bottom saw
 Thick drizzling Fogs from steaming Nature draw,
 No vap'rish Humours left but only those
 Which Ladies sickly Fancies discompose :
 Where Level-Walks delightful Lanes display,
 There wat'ry Mud in deep Confusion lay.
 So when *Apelles* drew his Master-Frame,
 From jumbled Paint the pretty *Venus* came.

So *Holland's* Province built on boggy Lands,
 Consummate Neatness, and a Beauty stands :
 Thus (since the Objects Similies provoke)
 The whole Creation from a *Chaos* broke.
 Behind the Buildings new Plantations grow
 To edge the Borders of the *Stream below*, (a)
 Whose natural Flood improv'd with Ocean's Tides,
 In constant Flux reciprocally glides.
 Here slipp'ry Keels of dancing Wherries ply
 With Canvass Wings; and down the Current fly :
 Some humble *Craft* in milder Eddies creep,
 Whose angling Boats a silent Station keep,
 And like the first Disciples, search the Deep. }
 Some stem the Tide with strong impetuous Push,
 And nimbly round the frothy Surface brush ;
 And as the sliding Vessels sweep the Stream,
 Retreating Shores in swimming Motion seem.

Here *Clifton's* healthful Hills divert the Eye,
 Whose wondrous Slopes in leaning Postures lye ;
 There the Glass-forges, Pyramids display,
 Built like the Tombs where *Egypt's* Princes lay ;
 In gradual Shapes the round *Vesuvio's* grow,
 The more in Height, the less in Compass show ;

(a) The River *Avon*.

Wh

Whose constant *vestal* Flame thro' Funnels breaths
 Thick dark'ning Clouds in curling smoaky Wreaths,
 Whose sooty Stench the Earth and Air annoys,
 And Nature's blooming Verdure half destroys.

Ye eastern Gales, that sweep the airy Space,
 Such noisome Gusts to distant Regions chace;
 Lest smoth'ring Clouds defile the purer Air,
 And *Clifton* choak the sick Man's *Montpelier*.

A *Salamandrine* Race in Cells below,
 Transparent Forms in fluid Metal blow;
 So *Ætna's* Shop, where sturdy *Cyclops* beat
Jove's flaming Darts, themselves in equal Heat,
 Thro' porous Vents a smoaky Sulphur yields,
 That blasts the Fruit of fair *Sycilia's* Fields.

Along the winding Banks the Tract pursue,
 Rough Nature's Works surprising Objects shew.
 Lo! craggy *Rocks* (a) affright the climbing Eye,
 And like *Olympus's* Height, invade the Sky.
 The rugged Piece of Nature's *Grotesque* grows,
 And like the Ruins of a Building shows:
 Here interspers'd in cluster'd Brightness lie
 Like Constellations studded in the Sky,

(a) *St. Vincent's.*

Some

Some glitt'ring Stones, which careful Nature locks
 Within the Cabinets of the strongest Rocks,
 Whose brilliant Sparks, when Lapidaries fine,
 With eastern Pearls in second Beauty shine.

The sever'd Cliffs discharge two diff'rent Streams
This chills with Cold, *that* reeks with hottest Steams,
 The cold *Cascade* steep flashy Gushes throw,
 Not purer Draughts in *Heber's* Channel flow.
 Hence *Paralytick* Limbs Composure drew,
 Hence Nerves convuls'd in stedd'y Order grew ;
 An Engine now employs the Streams of Health,
 For Engines work the fam'd *Elixir*, Wealth.

The adverse Spring (*a*) thro' rocky Veins distils
 A lukewarm Stream in fine balsamick Rills ;
 Whatever Fund the healthful Juice supplies,
 The Source, like *Nile's*, at hidden Fountain lies :
 The sov'reign Virtues of the healing Flood
 Check the Salt Humours of scorbutick Blood ;
 If *Leaky Vessels* running to decay
 In diuretick Sweetness waft away,
 The Grievance stopp'd by due Retention, feels
 How Water here a wat'ry Humour heals.

(*a*) The Hot Wells.

The

The Flood below with interposing Streams,
 Betwixt the Baths and stony Mountains swims,
 Receives the Waft of both, and tempers both Ex-
 [tremes.]

Then down the Current runs a bending Course
 Steering its Motions with an easy Force,
 Till *She* and *Severn* in Confusion meet,
 And Sister-streams in ruffled Kisses greet;
 Thence both transfus'd in *Kingroad's* Waves agree,
 And jointly form a spacious Range of Sea.

Here outward Fleets, which Captain *Paulo* guides,
 Expect the eastern Winds and helping Tides.
 Here the swift Sailors of the trading Seas,
 Import in quick Returns the World's Encrease,
Florentia's Wines, and *Sberry's* flavour'd *Must*,
Jamaica's Rum, and *Guinea's* Golden Dust.
 And may the nimble Carriers plow the Main
 With great Success, and wealthy Commerce gain,
 As long as Winds and Waves in liquid Kingdoms
 [reign.]

May

May all true Blessings on OLD ENGLAND smile,
 May her Foes Designs on themselves recoil,
 And may she ever prove a happy Isle. }

Two Island Rocks of diff'rent Form below,
 In wildest Dress a frightful Grandeur show;
 Hence *Neptune's* Tides a wid'ning Scope diffuse,
 And spread a copious Theme for roving Muse:
 But *Bristol's* Water-mark no farther tends:
 What bounds the *Prætor's* Sway, the Poem ends.

F I N I S.



